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# South-Carolina Weekly Museum, &c.

JANUARY 14, 1797.

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## REMARKABLE HISTORY OF THE CHEVALIER BAYARD.

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THE chevalier Bayard was born in Dauphine ; a soldier of fortune ; of whom 'twas said, that in assault, he resembled a wild bull, in defence a boar, and in flight, the wolf.—His warlike acts are thus necessarily not to be enlarged upon. His courage had no other aim but the glory of God, the service of his prince, and the honour of his profession : of which we have an ample testimony in a short elegy, which his secretary made upon him, saying, "That after two-and-thirty years service, he died almost as poor as he was born." He had the piety of a true soldier : for every morning he prayed most devoutly, and would not permit any man to enter into his chamber during the time of his devotions ; he was so obedient to those who commanded in the army, that he never refused any commission imposed upon him. Even in the last charge enjoined him by the admiral Bonnivet, which was most dangerous, and apparently impossible, yet he went onward, sacrificing his life to the command of his prince, that he might not digress from his ordinary custom. He was a lion in arms, and with a choice band of men, selected by him, and trained to his profession, he wrought such admirable effects, that there was not a battle won, of which he was not ever the principal cause. Never was any man more terrible to an enemy in the conflict ; but out of it, it was said, he was one of the most affable and courteous men upon earth. He was so ill a flatterer of

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great men, that to gain a kingdom he would not be drawn to speak against his sentiments. His practice was to honor the virtuous, to speak little of the vicious, less of his own merit ; never to swear ; to do favors to all who required ; to give secret alms according to his ability ; so that it is written, that, besides his other acts of piety, he procured husbands for at the least a hundred young women in narrow circumstances.

As for his carriage in war, he as little valued money as the dirt of the earth, and desired it only for the pleasure of giving. Witness an act of great liberality which is related of him : He happened to take a Spanish treasurer, who carried with him fifteen thousand ducats : one of his captains, named Tardieu, swore that he would have part of the booty, because he was in the expedition. But Bayard, smiling, said to him, "It is true, you were in the enterprize, but are not to share in the booty ; for you are under my charge." This rendered him only more violent, and he went to complain to the general, who having well considered the business, adjudged it wholly to Bayard. He caused his ducats to be carried to a place of safety, and commanded them to be spread on a table, in the presence of all his people : Companions, cries he, what think you ? Do you not here behold a noble prize ?" Poor Tardieu looked on this money with a jealous eye, and said, "If he had the half of it, he would all his life be an honest man."

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"Doth that depend on this? faith that brave spirit: "Hold, I willingly give that, which you by force could never obtain;" and so caused at the same instant seven thousand five hundred ducats to be told out to him. The other, who in the beginning thought it was but a mere mockery when he saw Bayard serious, and himself in possession of what he desired, cast himself on his knees at the feet of Bayard with tears of joy, and cried out, "Alas, my master, my friend! how shall I ever be able to acknowledge the benefit, which I at this time receive at your hands?" "Hold your peace (said this incomparable man) if I had power I would do much more:" and thereupon causing all the soldiers of the garrison to be called, he distributed the rest among them, keeping nothing for himself.

Upon another occasion, when he passed through a country which he had won by conquest, he paid his expences.

And one saying, "Sir, This money is lost; for at your departure from hence, the troops that come after us will set this place on fire," he answered, "Sirs, I do what I ought. God hath not sent me into this world to live by rapine but to gain heaven by mercy."

Pursuing this course at the taking of Bressia, a city of Italy, being set in the head of the forlorn hope, he first entered and passed the rampart, where he was grievously hurt in the thigh with the thrust of a pike, so that the iron stuck in the wound: he, nothing terrified, said to his Captain. "I am slain; but it is no matter, let your men march confidently, the town is ours". Here, upon two soldiers bare him out of the throng, and seeing the wound streaming with blood, they pulled off their shirts, and tore them to bind up his thigh: then, in the first house they hit upon, they took a lit-

tle door off the hinges, and laid their poor captain upon it, to bear him the more easily off. From thence they went directly to a great house, which they supposed to be more convenient for his accommodation. It belonged to a gentleman, who was retired into a monastery to avoid the fury of soldiers: the sackage of the city being so dreadful, that there were reckoned, as well of Venetians who defended it, as burgesses to the number of twenty thousand slain. The lady stayed in this house with two fair daughters, who had hidden themselves in a barn, under hay. But as the soldiers knocked at the gate, the mother, arming herself with resolution, opened it, and beheld the Captain all bloody, borne by his men, who demanded a place to retire to. The lady led him into the fairest chamber, where, casting herself at his feet, she said, "Sir I offer you this house, and all within it; it is yours by the law of arms.—I only beg you will be pleased to save me, and mine honor, and also two unhappy daughters who are sharers in our present calamity." To which Bayard generously replied, "Madam. I do not know whether I shall survive my wound, but I faithfully promise you whilst I live, there shall be no injury done to you nor your daughters. Only keep them in your chamber, and let them not be seen: send for your husband, and assure yourself you have a guest, who will treat you with honor." The lady, much comforted to hear him speak in that manner, obeyed, and employed all her care to give him also entertainment. She presently perceived she had lodged a gentleman, when she saw the Duke of Namures, the brave Gaston de Foix, general of the army, come daily to visit him, and that, in a city of conquest, these generous men paid for every thing which they had

had taken. The good hostess waited on him as on an angel from heaven, such was his honour and virtue. When his wounds were cured, and he was obliged to depart, to be present at the battle of Ravenna, where his general passionately desired him, the lady who accounted herself his prisoner, with her husband and children, resolved to give a present: and coming into his chamber with a servant, who carried a steel box; she presently threw herself at his feet, but he readily raised her up again, not suffering she should speak one word, till she was seated by him: upon which she thus addressed him:

"Sir, The favour which God has afforded me in the taking of the city by sending you into this house, which is wholly yours, hath not been less, than the preservation of the life of my husband, mine own and that of my daughters with their honor, which they ought to esteem more than life. Sir, I am not so ignorant of the condition to which the misery of war hath reduced us, as not to see, that my husband, myself, and children are your prisoners, and that all our goods are at your discretion: But knowing the nobleness of your heart which is incomparable, I am come most humbly to beseech you to take pity on your captives, and to use us with your usual humanity.—Take then the present which we offer rather as an instance of our gratitude than our abilities." In speaking this, she took the box out of the hands of her servant, and opened it before him, who saw it to be full of money, at which, smiling, he demanded how much money, there was contained in the casket. The poor woman, who thought this smile proceeded from some discontent, answered, "There are in it but two thousand five hundred ducats, but if you be not satisfied we will endea-

your to find more." Nay Madam, replied the Captain, I can assure you, that should you give me a hundred thousand crowns, you would not do me so much good as you have done in the kind entertainment I have received. In what place soever I shall remain, while God gives me life, you shall have a gentleman ready at your command. As for your gold, I will accept none, so take it again. I have ever more esteemed people of honor than crowns, and think not but your gratitude alone will be the highest recompence I can receive."

However, she again insisted upon his acceptance, observing, "She should think herself the most unhappy woman of the world, if he did not accept this present, which was nothing in comparison of the infinite obligations she owed his worth." "Well, said he, since you give it with so good a will, I accept it; but let your daughters come hither, I would bid them farewell." These young ladies had kindly assisted him, during the time of his infirmity, many times touching the lute, on which they played very well, for his amusement. They fell at his feet, and the eldest made a short speech, to thank him for the preservation of their honor. The captain heard it as it were weeping, for the sweetness and humility he therein observed, and then said, "Ladies, you do that which I ought to do, which is, to give you thanks for the many helps you have afforded me, for which I find myself infinitely obliged. You know men of my profession are not readily furnished with compliments to present ladies with: but behold, your mother has given me two thousand five hundred ducats; take each of you a thousand, as my gift; for so I am resolved it shall be." Then turning to his hostess, "Madam, said he, I will take these five hundred to myself, to distribute them among poor religious women, who

who have been ransacked ; and I recommend the charge thereof to you ; for you better than any other understand where there is necessity." Thus saying he mounted his horse, and being ordered by his general to be present at the battle of Ravenna, he engaged so warmly in the hottest part of the fight, that he died covered over with a multitude of wounds ; leaving behind him a reputation for every military virtue of the subordinate kind, as to serve to guide future soldiers in the pursuit of real glory, and strengthen them by the brightest example-

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*The BIRD-CATCHER and CANARY :*

*An affecting Anecdote.*

*From Mr. Pratt's Gleanings through  
Wales, Holland, Westphalia, &c.*

I SHALL not forget, under the article superstition, to mention, that in the pretty country of Skuytz, southward of Westphalia, they have an idea that cats are to be reconciled to a new residence only by coercive measures. In pursuance of which notion, a widow woman, at whose house I lodged, imprisoned a poor cat three nights and days in a dark room, to the entire destruction of my rest, and almost to the cat's sanity, in order to make her in love with her new house. Now in England, you know, where cats are not a whit more remarkable for an amiable disposition, we should have stroked the poor animal till she purred approbation ; we should have permitted her to feed and sleep the first night by our fire-side, and so hospitably treated her, that at breakfast-table next morning, she would have found herself one of the family.

Not that I would have you suppose I am an advocate for the feline race, except on general principles

of justice and mercy. A dog is often an example to his master, and a proper object of his love, honor, imitation and good faith. But a cat I take to be (with very rare exceptions indeed) both a traitor and a sycophant. She is won to you only by fawnings, and if you punish her on ever so just a cause, she either strikes immediately, or owes you a grudge, the unexecuted malice of which she can hold till an opportunity of vengeance occurs. Even when you imagine you have gained her affections, she will desert you, like a faithless lover, and elope from your arms.

Perhaps, you may not think this the proper moment to introduce an anecdote of one of these insidious creatures, You may suspect me of imitating the grimalkin disposition by sitting down in malice. Were I about to become an accuser, it might be so : but what I have now to mention exhibits no charge, though it will report an unlucky event.

In this very town of Cleves, which with its environs will detain us some time longer, I was residing with a Prussian family during the time of the fair ; which I shall pass over, having nothing remarkable to distinguish it from other annual meetings, where people assemble to stare at, cheat each other, and divert themselves, and spend the year's savings in buying those bargains which would have been probably better bought at home.

One day after dinner, as the desert was just brought on the table, the travelling German musicians, who commonly ply the houses at these times, presented themselves and were suffered to play, and just as they were making their bows for the money they had received for their harmony, a bird-catcher who had rendered himself famous for educating and calling forth the talents of the feathered race, made his

his appearance, and was well received by our party, which was numerous and benevolent. The musicians, who had heard of this bird-catcher's fame, begged permission to stay; and the master of the house who had a great share of good-nature, indulged their curiosity: a curiosity, indeed, which every body participated; for all that we have heard or seen of learned pigs, asses, dogs, and horses, was said to be extinguished in the wonderful wisdom, which blazed in the genius of this bird-catcher's canary. The canary was produced, and the owner harangued him in the following manner, placing him upon his forefinger. Bijou (jewel) you are now in the presence of persons of great sagacity and honor: take heed you do not deceive the expectations they have conceived of you from the world's report: you have got laurels: beware their withering: In a word, deport yourself like the bijou (the jewel) of canary birds, as you certainly are.

All this time the bird seemed to listen, and, indeed, placed himself in the true attitude of attention, by sloping his head to the ear of the man and then distinctly nodding twice when his master left off speaking; and if ever nods were intelligible and promissory, these were two of them.

That's good, says the master, pulling off his hat to the bird. Now, then, let us see if you are a canary of honor. Give us a tune:—The canary sung. Pshaw, that's too harsh: it is the note of a raven with a hoarseness upon him: something pathetic. The canary whistled as if its little throat was changed to a lute. Faster says the man.—Slower—very well—but what a plague is this foot about, and this little head.—No wonder you are out, Mr. Bijou, when you forgot your

time. That is a jewel.—Bravo, bravo, my little man.

All that he was ordered or reminded of did he do to admiration. His head and foot beat time—humored the variation both of tone and movement, and “the sound was a just echo to the sense,” according to the strictest laws of poetical, and (as it ought to be) of musical composition—bravo! bravo! re-echoed from all parts of the dining-room,—The musicians swore the canary was a greater master of music than any of their band.

And do you not shew your sense of this civility, sir, cries the bird-catcher, with an angry air. The canary bowed most respectfully, to the great delight of the company. His next achievements was going through martial exercise with a straw gun: after which, my poor bijou, says his owner, thou hast had hard work, and must be a little weary: a few performances more, and thou shalt repose. Shew the ladies how to make a curtsy.

The bird here crossed his taper legs and sunk and rose with an ease and grace that would have put half our belles to the blush—That is my fine bird—and now a bow, head and foot corresponding. Here the striplings for ten miles round London might have blushed also. Let us finish with a hornpipe, my brave little fellow—that's it—keep it up, keep it up.

The activity, glee, spirit, and accuracy with which this last order was obeyed, wound up the applause, (in which all the musicians joined, as well with their instruments as their clappings) to the highest pitch of admiration. Bijou himself, seemed to feel the sacred thirst of fame, and shook his little plumes, and carolled an *Io pean* that sounded like the conscious notes of victory.

Thou hast done all my biddings bravely, said the master caressing his feathered

feathered servant; now then, take a nap, while I take thy place. Hereupon the canary went into a counterfeit slumber, so like the effect of the popped god, first shutting one eye, then the other, then nodding, then dropping so much on one side, that the hands of several of the company were stretched out to save him from falling, and just as those hands approached his feathers, suddenly recovering and dropping as much on the other; at length the sleep seemed to fix him in a steady posture; whereupon the man took him from his finger, and laid him flat upon the table, where the man assured us he would remain in a good sound sleep, while he himself had the honor to do his best to fill up the interval. Accordingly after drinking a glass of wine, (in the progress of taking of which he was interrupted by the canary-bird springing suddenly up to assert his right to a share, really putting his little bill into the glass, and then laying himself down to sleep again; the owner called him a fancy fellow, and began to show off his own independent powers of entertaining. The *sorte* of these lay chiefly in balancing with a tobacco pipe, while he smoked with another, and several of the positions were so difficult to be preserved, yet maintained with such dexterity, that the general attention was fixed upon him. But while he was thus exhibiting, a huge black cat, who had been no doubt on the watch, from some unobserved corner sprung upon the table, seized the poor canary in its mouth, and rushed out of the window in despite of opposition. Tho' the dining-room was emptied in an instant, it was a vain pursuit; the life of the bird was gone, and its mangled body was brought in by the unfortunate owner, in such dismay, accompanied by such looks and language, as must have awa-

ked pity in a misanthrope. He spread him half-length over the table, and mourned his canary-bird with the most undissembled sorrow. Well may I grieve for thee, poor little thing; well may I grieve; more than four years hast thou fed from my hand, drank from my lip, and slept in my bosom. I owe to thee my support, my health, my strength, and my happiness; without thee what will become of me. Thou it was who ensured my welcome in the best company. It was thy genius only made me welcome. But thy death is a just punishment for my vanity: had I relied only on thy happy powers, all had been well, and thou hadst been perched on my finger, or lulled in my breast at this moment! but trusting to my own talents, and glorifying myself in them, a judgement has fallen upon me, and thou art dead and mangled on this table.

Accursed be the hour I entered this house! and more accursed the detestable monster that killed thee! Accursed be *myself*, for I contributed: I ought not to have taken away my eyes when thine were closed in frolic. O bijou, my dearest, only bijou, would I were dead also!

As near as the spirit of his disordered mind can be trasfused, such was the language and sentiment of the forlorn bird-catcher; whose despairing motion and frantic air no words can paint. He took from his pocket a little green bag of faded velvet, and taking out of it some wool and cotton, that were the wrapping of whistles, bird-calls, and other instruments of his trade, (all of which he threw on the table, 'as in scorn,') and making a couch placed the mutilated limbs and ravaged feathers of his canary upon it, and renewed his lamentations.

These were now much softened, as is ever the case, when the rage of grief yields to its tenderness: when

when it is too much overpowered by the effect, to advert to the cause. It is needless to observe to you, that every one of the company sympathised with him. But none more than the band of musicians, who, being engaged in a profession that naturally keeps the sensibilities more or less in exercise, felt the distress of the poor bird-man with peculiar force. It was really a banquet to see these people gathering themselves into a knot, and after whispering and wiping their eyes, depute one from among them to be the medium of conveying into the pocket of the bird-man, the very contribution they had just before received for their own efforts. The poor fellow perceiving them, took from the pocket the little parcel they had rolled up, and brought out with it by an unlucky accident, another little bag, at the sight of which he was extremely agitated; for it contained the canary seed, the food of the "dear lost companion of his art." There is no giving language to the effect of this trifling circumstance upon the poor fellow; he threw down the contribution money that he brought from his pocket along with it, not with an ungrateful but with a desperate hand. He opened the bag, which was fastened with red tape, and taking out some of the seed put it to the very bill of the lifeless bird, exclaiming—No, poor bijou, no—thou canst not peck any more out of this hand, that has been thy feeding place for many years—thou canst not remember how happy we both were when I bought this bag full for thee. Had it been filled with gold thou hadst deserved it. It shall be filled,—and with gold, said the master of the house, if I could afford it.

The good man rose from his seat, which had long been uneasy to him, and gently taking the bag, put into it some silver; saying, as he handed

it to his nearest neighbour, who will refuse to follow my example? It is not a subscription for mere charity, it is a tribute to one of the rarest things in the whole world; namely, to real feeling, in this sophistical, pretending, parading age. If ever the passion of love and gratitude was in the heart of man it was in the heart of that unhappy fellow, and whether the object that calls out such feelings be bird, beast, fish, or man, it is alike, virtue—and ought to be rewarded—said his next neighbour, putting into the bag his quota. It is superfluous to tell you, that after the seed had been taken wholly away, and put very delicately out of the poor man's sight, every body most cheerfully contributed to make up a purse, to repair (as much as money could) the birdman's loss. The last person applied to, was a very beautiful German young lady, who as she placed her bounty into the bag, closed it immediately after, and blushed. As there are all sorts of blushes, (at least one to every action of our lives, that is worth any characteristic feeling, supposing the actor can feel at all) suspicion would have thought this young lady, who was so anxious to conceal her gift, gave little or nothing; but candor, who reasons in a different manner, would suppose what was really the case—that it was a blush, not of avarice and deception, but of benevolence graced by modesty. Curiosity, however, caught the bag, opened it, and turned out its contents, among which was a golden ducat, that by its date and brightness had been hoarded. Ah, ah, said curiosity, who does this belong to, I wonder? Guilt and innocence, avarice and benignity, are alike honest in one point; since they all in the moment of attack, by some means or another, discover what they wish to conceal, there was not in the then large company a single person

person, who could not have exclaimed to this young lady, with assurance of the truth—thou art the woman! There was no denying the fact; it was written on every feature of her enchanting face. She struggled, however, with the accusation, almost to tears, but they were such tears as would have given lustre to the finest eyes in the world; for they gave lustre to hers.

Well then, if nobody else will own this neglected ducat, cried the master of the house, who was the uncle to the lady abovementioned, I will: whereupon he took it from the heap, and exchanged it for two others, which enriched the collection.

While the business of the heart was thus carrying on, the poor bird-man, who was the occasion and object of it, was at first divided by contrary emotions of pain and pleasure: his eye sometimes directed to the massacred canary, and sometimes to the company: at length generosity proved the stronger emotion, and grief ebbed away. He had lost a bird, but had gained the good will of many human beings. That bird, it is true, was his pride and support, but this was not the crisis any longer to bewail its fate. He accepted the contribution-purse, by one means or another filled like the sack of Benjamin, even to the brim, and bowed, but spoke not: then folding up the corpse of the canary in its wool and cotton shroud, departed with one of those looks, that the moment it is seen, is felt and understood, but for which, being too powerful for description, no language has yet been provided. On going out he beckoned the musicians to follow. They did so, striking a few chords that would have graced the funeral of Juliet.—My very soul pursued the sounds, and so did my feet. I hastened to the outer door, and saw the birdman contend-

ing about returning the money, which the founders of the benevolence (for such were the musicians,) had subscribed.

### ON DREAMING.

I AM frequently troubled with frightful dreams, more especially when I lie on my left side. When these become very troublesome, I have in my sleep gained a kind of habit of reflecting how the case stands with me, and whether I be awake or asleep. This generally ends in a discovery of the truth of the case; and when I find it to be a dream, I then am easy, and my curiosity engages me, to see how the fantastic scene will end, with the same kind of indifference, that the spectator receives from a theatrical entertainment: but being all along an actor in this farce, the reality of the representation is perpetually obtruding itself upon me; so when the scene, as it often does, grows too troublesome to be borne, I can at any time, by making a certain effort, which I can no way describe to you, awake myself. This, you will say, is extraordinary: but not more so than the next circumstance.

It has been said by an ingenious writer, that waking we all live in one common world, but on going to rest, each retires into a world of his own. But I do not know whether this, or any other writer has observed any thing like what happens to me, that this world of our own is as constant and regular, in many particulars, as the common waking one. To explain myself, I have rambled over twenty years together in dreams, in one certain country, through

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one certain road, and resided in one certain country-house; quite different as to the whole face of the country, and situation of the place, from any thing I ever saw awake, and the scene quite unvaried.

The third case will appear more surprising, perhaps, than either of the foregoing. You have taken notice of that new and strange consciousness we have in dreams; in which a batchelor, for instance, shall be conscious he has been married for ten or twenty years, and shall recollect all the events of that period. A consciousness of this kind, I have frequently experienced. I suppose it to be very common; yet you are the first I know of, who has publickly taken notice of it. But what I am going to tell you, is infinitely more surprising. I have felt, as it were in dreams, a double indentivity. As thus, I have dreamed I was conversing with another, and at the same time was very inquisitive and desirous to know the subject of the conversation, which seemed to be carefully kept from me. I was mentioning this odd circumstance one day to Mr. Pope, and he told me, that his friend Gay, in the delirium of a fever, had something like the same sensation. He was quite assured himself should recover, but he was under great apprehensions concerning the fate of John Gay.

Before I leave this subject of dreams, I cannot forbear mentioning a story told by Grotius, which I wonder you overlooked, being so much for your purpose: it is in the 405th of the *Epistolæ extraordinæ*, in Bleau's edition of his letters. Salmasius told it him

thus: One quite ignorant of Greek, came to Salmasius's father, and told him he had heard in a dream, these words, in Greek, "*Get away! you smell not your destruction*"; the sound of which on his awaking, he had wrote down in French characters; which understanding nothing of, he brought to Salmasius, the father, one of the parliament of Paris. Understanding the meaning of the words, the dreamer removed out of his house, which the next night fell down. This, as far as I can recollect, is the simple story, well attested, that stands quite free of a libertine objection, that the prediction was the effect of imagination; for here the intelligence was conveyed in a language not understood by the dreamer.

I will add another: "When Newarke was besieged by the Stotch army, in the grand rebellion, a silk-mercator in that place, dreamed that his house was knocked down by a bomb: he awaked, removed, and in an hour after, a bomb did the execution." The wonder, you see, is not that a rich tradesman in a town besieged, should dream of bombs; but that he should dream so opportunely. However, the man thus preserved, to commemorate this mercy, left an annual donation to the poor, and a sermon to be preached on that day of the month for ever.

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FROM CAREY'S MISCELLANIES.

A New Work, published at Philadelphia.

ADVANTAGES of OVER-TRADING.

In a letter to a Friend.

Dear Sir,

YOU have asked my opinion respecting over-trading, of which you  
seem

seem to be highly afraid. But I hope so clearly to point out its advantages, as to remove all your scruples, and to induce you to pursue the steps of so many of your fellow-citizens, who enjoy all the comforts and conveniencies of this laudable practice.

With all my partiality for it, I freely acknowledge, that its benefits do not appear very evident, but at particular seasons, and during times of stagnation. When business is brisk, one is tempted to overlook the advantages. But he must be a most incorrigible sceptic, that can doubt its blessings, when money is scarce, when trade is dull, when banks curtail discounts, &c.

In the first place, during the winter and summer months, when business is at a stand, and nothing doing, what resource can a man have, who has not over-traded, to keep himself employed? None. He is devoured by vapours, by ennui, by listlessness. Time hangs on his hands a heavy burden.

But mark the contrast. The man who has run himself comfortably in debt to the amount of 15, 20, or 30,000 dollars, has not an unemployed vacant hour, day or night. As soon as he rises in the morning, he has to exercise himself in walking over the city to borrow a few dollars here and there—What a charming opportunity it gives a man to see his acquaintance! How acceptable must his visits be, which are certain title-pages to a beggarly request for money! What a touchstone he is to prove the sincerity of his friends! When he lies down at night, slumber flies from his pillow, and his whole attention is turned to devise fiscal arrangements for the following day.

As times grow worse, these comforts increate. You have the pleasure sometimes of borrowing daily, to pay the succeeding morning or

afternoon. What a respectable sight it is, to behold you or your clerk, sneaking to the bank, after the directors have gone away, to anticipate, by a few hours, the knowledge of their decision upon the notes you have offered! What a mournful countenance you exhibit when your notes are returned to you, hanging out of your book, with the mark of the beast on them! How you puff and blow running about from street to street, to borrow money, and get into bank before three o'clock! What a number of promises you make, impossible to be performed!

As the climax rises, new shifts open to our view. To over-draw is a most capacious one. It stays, for a while, the impending torrent of distress. What a charming exercise for your dexterity, to keep your book out of the hands of the clerks, lest they should seize it, and expose how frequently the balance is on the wrong side!

When borrowing is at an end, and the clerks of the banks grow too wary to allow you to over-draw, a further advantage arises. You are introduced to the acquaintance of that very worthy and conscientious race of men, who seem born for the relief of persons in distress. I mean the friendly class of usurers. You may at first hire money of them, at one per cent. a month; afterwards at two; and, as their *charity* grows with your distress, it will probably rise to four or five, if your sufferings should be so great as to excite an extraordinary degree of sympathy in their tender hearts.

You will probably think that this is the *ne plus ultra* of the advantages of this mode of doing business. So did I at first. But I soon discovered my mistake. Rats, they say, desert a sinking ship. They are warned by the instinct bestowed on them by mother Nature. The usurers possess

possess an instinct similar to this—and generally smell out a sinking firm, from which they contrive to make an early escape. Then your acquaintance extends further. A worthy man, whom they call a notary public, kindly calls on you, brightens up your recollection of a note you forgot to pay at bank, and demands payment, which you are not able to make. This visit, supposing you are possessed of any sensibility, displays your countenance to great advantage. The pleasing mixture of charming red with which it suffuses your cheeks, heightens your natural beauties to the utmost degree.

I have not noticed the amount of the interest you pay. Supposing you to have the moderate sum of 12,000 dollars of bank money in trade, you do not pay much more than 1,000 dollars a year. This is a mere bagatelle, unworthy of notice. Indeed, were it not for some such drain as this, it would be impossible to find employment for the immense profits of trade at present.

Another advantage which I passed over, is, the improvement in politeness and good behaviour, which you derive from your cringing visits to directors and presidents of banks—your dancing attendance at their levees—your requests, they will be so kind as to pay attention to your notes, &c.

I might extend the enumeration much farther—but shall conclude for the present with the observation, that the man who involves himself by over-trading, has, in the fullest sense of the words, "*taken up his cross*"—a cross which half a life may be too little to enable him to lay down again.

I am,

with esteem,

Yours, &c.

*For the WEEKLY MUSEUM, &c.*

## AN ESSAY ON WAR.

AMONG the many calamities which afflict the human race, no one is perhaps more distressing than war—it has ruined nations, and the individuals of society have often had to lament the ferocious spirit which dictates it.

To enquire into its origin, its progress and some of its consequences, may not be uninteresting and may perhaps, lead us to be cautious in drawing such a calamity on ourselves, or of inflicting it, even, on our enemies.—Before society was formed, and before laws restrained the fierce and barbarous spirit of untutored mankind, the disputes of individuals, were terminated as their will or as their strength dictated; their general appeal was to battle, which upheld the prospects of gain, and the sweets of revenge to the victor—from that self love which dwells in every human breast, each was led to prize his valour and appreciate his strength—each anticipated the downfall of his opponent.

These ideas were communicated to nations, and the same motives made society seek the destruction of their neighbours—when they began to progress in civilization—when mankind began to know the value of property, altho' laws restrained the individuals of the same society, from depriving each other of that which they had acquired by their industry, they still conceived that of a neighbouring community to be a proper subject for such excesses—But incentives still greater than those began to assume a place in the breasts of tyrants, who under the mask of

virtue

virtue had usurped the liberties of their fellow citizens, or from their successes in war, were exalted above the common level of humanity—who had tasted the sweets of dominion, and wished to extend it—Here ambition opened a scene which was destined to drench the habitation of mankind with blood and strew it with slaughter. Success in war was termed glory, and it became the pastime of kings and ambitious nations—their actions were handed down to posterity with veneration—Succeeding generations dwelt on them with enthusiasm, and strove to emulate them.—Every palpitation of the heart fanned the flame of revenge and the expiring struggle of nature uttered the mandate of the fire to his offspring to perpetual carnage and destruction.\* Envy and hatred which always dwell in the breasts of tyrants made them seek the destruction of each other—treaties, pacific negotiations, and friendly professions, were only preludes or preparatory steps to war, and faith became a prostitute to policy, to support and countenance unjust attacks: religion was brought in aid—Fanaticism was introduced—Persecution was established and religion which was intended to soothe the cares of life and soften the sufferings of the miserable became a source of calamity—mankind were taught to believe that their own happiness was promoted by the destruction of their fellow creature—and thus while religion poisoned all the sweets of life, war had nearly exterminated the human race.

The unhappy land which provokes its pity, suffers all the mis-

\* *Hamilcar to his son Hannibal.*

ries, that the mind can conceive. The husband is torn from the bosom of his wife and obliged to view her subjected to the ravishments and brutal embraces of a conqueror—his daughters are prostituted, his property plundered, and his habitation demolished, and while the blood of its citizens fertilizes the soil, rapine levels the fruits of it.

War is never consistent with the happiness of the people or the prosperity of nations—even the victors are sufferers, the prize is never adequate to the contention, the spoil never repays the expence of the contest, the nation is drained of its inhabitants, the treasury is exhausted and the national debt increased; oppressive contributions are exacted, the liberties of the citizen is infringed and a civil war ensues, when the innocent and the guilty, the virtuous and the wise suffer, without distinction, all the calamity that the blackest depravity of the human heart can inflict. When victory declares in favor of one party, and seemingly brings the tragedy to a conclusion; we find the *denouement* is yet to come, and that it has only opened the veins of the vanquished to quench with blood the thirsty revenge of the victor. The vanquished are hardly allowed to mourn their fall, when the victors are arrested in the midst of their career by their decay; they find that victory has blazoned the prospect, but impaired the sight, that like the meteor it shines but for a moment, then sinks them into deeper night.

Such are the miseries of war—such every days experience brings forth, and such every day are provoked by those, who, in the sequel

guels become the victims of their own policy.

When we review nature we see every thing impelled to decay by some superior cause. In the animal world we see the different species opposed to each other: the wolf with craftiness and art attacks the weakness and simplicity of the lamb, because hunger, dire necessity demands it; but man alone preys upon himself—man who boasts so great pre-eminence, alone seeks the destruction of his fellow creature, without necessity, without advantage to himself.

The review staggers the imagination, while it wounds the feeling breast: the heart while it has not been viciated by the practice of such excesses; the heart which yet feels that it forms a part of humanity; and is it possible there are any in human nature who can with calmness view such a spectacle, nay who can glory in it, and without remorse destroy beings like themselves; who can rob a fellow-creature of the dearest right he has from nature, his life; who can usurp the dominion of his Creator, and provoke the Divine vengeance without fear? yes, to the disgrace of humanity, there are, and mankind in the miseries they inflict witness their existence: too long have they usurped a dominion, too long mankind have bemoaned their fate, and too often charged Providence with that which their own depravity brought into being.

At length we beheld rising above the western horizon, the luminary of reason forcing its way through a cloud of error—superstition and ignorance—we see the barbarous and destructive

policy of war, giving way to the arts of peace; the sword turned into the plough share, and the spear into the pruning hook; man is no longer obliged to believe what his reason dissents from, and subjugate his hopes of future happiness to the severity of penal laws: he is no longer dragged from the bosom of his family to an inquisition; he no longer sees perhaps, a favorite child labouring under its tortures, but is allowed to court the divine favor as his reason dictates. Reason has gained the ascendancy, and the clumsy machinations of ignorance are exploded: we no longer see government “a scheme of oppression,” but the guardian and protector of the rights and happiness of people: we see the thrones of tyrants totter, and kings, with mortification, find they are but men, and that mankind are equal.

C.

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#### *A Meditation in Solitude.*

MAN, during his whole pilgrimage through life, should never lose sight of that fixed point, which is the ultimate end of his being; he should ever remember he is dust, and that his kindred with the earth is enobled by that breath of life within him which allies him to deity, and bids him think above mortality. A due reflection upon his human part should qualify his vanity; and the contemplation of his spiritual nature should rectify his ideas with regard to the objects of sense, and lift up his soul to Heaven, and thus prepare him for the society of beings of a superior order.

I am

I am now amusing myself in these walks of solitude, where methinks I am thus whispered by one of my invisible attendants, "Mortal, consider thou must e'er long be one of us, and then in what light wilt thou regard the actions of thy present life? The consciousness alone of a well-acted part will secure that uninterrupted happiness which we enjoy, when thou *enterest into the house of thy eternity.*" This throws me upon meditating what a small part of my real self this body is, and how much extravagance and idle solitude is employed in providing for it. For what is this carcase but a living sepulchre? The continual fluxion of its constituent parts evinces how little of it I can call myself, and how little even of that little will be remaining when mingled with its kindred dust. What then becomes of all its faculties and sensations? Shall my dust, past into a thousand different shapes and positions, eaten of worms, shot up into vegetables, transmigrated by an endless diversity of changes, blown about by the winds, dissipated by the waters — shall these scattered fragments be still conscious of any thing; or re-unite to a thinking substance? This is the province of omnipotence.

But I have a soul, a reflective part, the spring of life and action. Here is my real self, and the only part that will survive all changes. This body is no more essential to the well-being or preceptions of the soul, than a material body occasionally assumed, is to an angel. But as the organs of this body are the present inlet of sense, and the instruments of knowledge and

conception, it imports me to have a constant regard to the state of separation, when the soul shall draw its ideas from the fountain of light, without the interposition of any gross medium. I should therefore betimes disengage my thoughts and affections from the earth and sense, and now and then strike into the paths of more abstracted thinking. In order to this, the mind must be furnished with speculative truths, and meditations of a more exalted turn than such as ordinarily result from the matter of human commerce, or the objects about us; else how unprovided shall I come into that world of spirits, where my entertainment and commerce must be altogether spiritual, and for which I shall have no taste without a preparatory exercise! What a dismal emptiness must the soul find in itself, which in this life has been entertained with nothing but bodily pleasure! What a horrible state of distraction and despair must we conceive it, to be perpetually catching at what will for ever fly from us! Deprived of the very support of being, the cheering beams of divine influence, and sinking in an eternal void and desolation of all things! Here is hell, *the never dying Worm, the unquenchable fire* of a tortured conscience! Upon this I consider the words of Mr. Cowley, but in an improved sense,

*What shall I do to be forever known,  
And make the world to come my own?*

An inactive contemplation will not answer this end; but I am to exert such talents as God has blessed me with, to his service, and to the benefit of mankind. Whether this may set me in any more

more honourable point of view, either in these lower regions, or after my removal, concerns me not; but this I may promise myself, that it will procure me a more favorable reception among the company of exalted spirits, where the exercise and degrees of our virtues here will determine our rank and eminence. The very reflection gives me a fortaste of—something the soul opens and grasps at, something the imagination is even seized of but faints in the retention, and which I can even at this distance perceive and partly enjoy.

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*An Anecdote concerning the brother of the Empress Catharine, second wife of the Czar Peter I. by a person who was an eye-witness.*

From Voltaire's history of Russia.

AN envoy from Augustus king of Poland to Czar Peter, being on his return to Dresden, by the way of Courland, happened to see a poor man, who seemed in great distress, insulted by some people at the inn where he stopped; to whom the injured stranger said, that they would not treat him thus, if he could gain admission to the Czar, and that he had more powerful protectors at court than they might possibly imagine. On hearing this, the envoy had the curiosity to ask the man some questions; from the answers to which, and on considering his features attentively, wherein he discovered a resemblance to the empress, he conceived this unfortunate person might be her relation. After his return to Dresden, therefore, he wrote an account of the adven-

ture, and his suspicions, to a friend at Petersburg; who found means to get the letter shewn to the Czar. On this, orders were immediately dispatched to prince Repnin, governor of Riga, to make search after the man described in the letter: which was accordingly done by an intelligent person, sent by Prince Repnin to Mittau for that purpose. On examination, he said, his name was Charles Scavronski; and that he was the son of a gentleman of Lithuania, who died during the wars in Poland, and left two children, a boy and girl, in the cradle: that neither of them had any other education, than could be had in that general state of desolation in which every thing was abandoned. Scavronski parted from his sister in his infancy, knew nothing more of her, than she was taken prisoner at Marienburg in 1704; and imagined she might be still with prince Menzikoff, with whom she might have made her fortune. Prince Repnin, pursuant to the orders of the Czar, caused Scavronski to be brought to Riga under pretence of his being a criminal; a kind of information was made out against him and he was sent under a guard to Petersburg, with orders that he should be well treated during the journey. On his arrival at Petersburg, he was conducted to the house of an officer called Shepleff; who being instructed in the part he was to act, drew from the prisoner such information as he wanted, about his former circumstances and condition; telling him, at the same time, that the accusation laid against him at Riga, was a very serious

serious affair: that he would do well, therefore, to present a petition to his majesty, and that he would himself take care he should have an opportunity of delivering it. The next day the Czar came to dine with Shepleff, when Scavronski was presented to him.—The monarch asked him several questions; and was convinced by the ingenuoufness of his replies, that he was really the brother of the Czarina. Both had been in Livonia during their infancy; and the answers made by Scavronski to the questions put to him by the Czar, were entirely conformable to what his wife had told him of her birth and misfortunes. The Czar not doubting the truth, proposed, therefore, next day to the empress to go and dine with Shepleff: where after dinner, he ordered the same person to be brought before him, who was examined the day before. He was introduced accordingly, in the same travelling garb in which he came to Petersburg; the Czar desiring he should appear in the condition to which his ill-fortune had accustomed him. He interrogated him again as before; and after his examination, addressed the Czarina, and said, "This man is your brother:" then, turning to the prisoner, "Come, Charles, said he, kiss the hand of the empress, and embrace your sister." The author of this relation adds, that the empress fainted away at the surprise; and when she recovered herself, the Czar said, "What is there strange in all this? This gentleman is my brother-in-law: if he hath merit, we will do something for him; if he has not, we will do nothing."—Thus far pro-

ceeds the manuscript from which Mr. Voltaire says he hath taken the relation of this adventure.—He tells us, however, from other information, that this gentleman was created a count; that he married a young lady of quality; and that he had two daughters, who were afterwards married to noblemen of the first rank in Russia.

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*Some RULES to be observed in TRADE.*

I. ENDEAVOR to be as perfect as you can in the particular calling you are engaged in; learn to know all the arts and myteries thereunto belonging; and be assiduous in every part thereof.

II. Lay a good foundation in regard to principle: be sure to be just and honest in your dealings; not wilfully over-reach, or deceive your neighbour; and keep always in your eye the golden rule of, 'Doing as you would be done unto.'

III. Have a strict regard in discharging all legal debts: do not evade your creditors by any shuffling arts, in giving notes, under your hand, only to defer payment; but, if you have it in your power, discharge all debts when they become due. Above all, when you are straitened for want of money, be cautious of taking it up at an high interest. This method has been the ruin of many, therefore endeavor to avoid it.

IV. Be diligent in your business; endeavor to be as much in that place where it lies, as possibly you can:—leave it not to servants to transact; for customers will not regard them, as yourself; they generally think they shall not be so well served.

V. Be complaisant to the meanest, as as well as greatest: you are as much obliged to use good manners for a farthing, as for a pound: the

the one demands it from you, as well as the other.

VI. Be not *too* talkative, but speak as much as is necessary to recommend your goods; and always observe to keep within the rules of decency. If customers slight your goods and under-value them, endeavor to convince them of their mistake, if you can, but not affront them: do not be pert in your answers, but with patience hear, and with meekness give an answer; for if you affront in a small matter, it may probably hinder you from a future good customer.

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*To the Editors of the SOUTH-CAROLINA WEEKLY MUSEUM, &c.*

GENTLEMEN,

AS a subscriber and well-wisher to your Magazine, I cannot avoid taking notice of a paragraph in your last, respecting noses. Your correspondent has neither signed himself Long Nose, nor Short Nose, I will therefore conclude that he has got a *marvellous proper nose, at the ladies' service*. However, I assure you Mr. Proper Nose has mistaken his abilities in chusing physiognomy for his subject. The disposition of a man, according to that science, is not calculated according to the size or shape of the nose, or any other feature, but according to the reference that one feature may have to the rest, and some other rules, which your correspondent seems ignorant of. He, like a man of abilities, as I believe few will doubt who peruse his *elegant production*, has reduced the science to a certainty; and I should not be surprised to see a responsible merchant's bill rejected because his nose happens to be the eighth part of a hair's breadth out of its right place.

ROMAN NOSE.

Charleston, Jan. 12.

H

*To the Editors of the SOUTH-CAROLINA WEEKLY MUSEUM.*

GENTLEMEN,

IT is with pleasure I see a Weekly Magazine published in this state: I have long been of opinion, that a work of this kind would be of essential benefit to individuals in general, as well as to the pecuniary advantage of the Editors. The proof of this opinion being well founded rests with you: your task, though pleasing, is arduous. To cook a dish to suit all palates will be a vain attempt; yet from a well chosen variety, each guest may find something agreeable. Your first number offers fair for approbation.

Agriculture, and every experiment throwing light thereon, deserve attention: the extract you have given of the letter on puddling, will prove useful to planters, or others, who have occasion to make mounds, reservoirs, or inclose rice fields, &c. and the importance of agriculture is very properly pointed out in the observations you have inserted.

The strictures by a Patriot deserve, at all times, and especially at the present moment, serious attention, and I *sincerely* hope, the judicious author will continue, as promised, to enlighten and improve the rising genius of the state. Unbiased by party, free from foreign influence, the love of America animates his mind: true independence consults the interest of her own, and will not be a tool of *any government upon earth*; Americans united are *invulnerable*, divided, and associated with other powers, they will be debased and absorbed in the vortex of foreign influence.

Your essays, moral and entertaining, with the smooth flowing lines of sentiment, or more animating flights of fancy in your poetical department, cannot fail yielding a delicious

licious relish or a sweet repast to many of your readers.

To your young writers, lend a friendly ear,

Nor check their progress by reproof severe ;

Tho' wit and fancy, injudicious roam,

A mild rebuke, will bring the wand'ers home ;

Prepar'd, secure, again they'll mount on high,

And shine like stars, to gild Columbia's sky.

The arrangement of the historical part of your Museum, is, as it ought to be, judicious and methodical. To do justice to this department, will require your utmost attention and impartiality ; not to omit, nor to be prolix, requires a capacious, steady mind ; and you will, no doubt, observe, that by strictly adhering to this rule, your Museum will be the *history*, the *record of the times*, preserved with care, bound up and placed conspicuously in every library of the *United States* : let this idea (which will become a reality) be ever present, ever fixed in your minds.

Newspapers, however useful and necessary, are difficult to preserve ; and although preserved, having no index, references to past times or circumstances cannot easily be had : in your Museum, having a complete index, as proposed, and bound up in volumes, reference can, at all times, be had with certainty, whether to history, politics, poetry, &c. To *planters* your work must be valuable indeed, being published once every week, and containing the week's news and other essays ; those at any distance from town, will receive it as soon, in general, as their newspapers : to them it will prove a delightful companion in a solitary hour, when the newspaper is neglected or torn.

Wishing you the success such a

work ought to deserve, and that its merit may equal expectation,

I am, &c. A SUBSCRIBER.

*We are much obliged to our Correspondent for the very flattering compliments contained in the above letter. We shall endeavour to profit by his friendly hints.*

#### *An innocent and effectual Remedy for the Gout.*

IF the gout is fixed in the feet or only in the toes (with or without swelling) let a large pultice of bread and milk, well softened with *ung. ex alth.* be laid on a thick piece of flannel, and applied as warm as can easily be borne, to the parts affected, and sufficiently large to extend two or three inches higher ; over this apply one or two pieces of flannel, that the pultice may be kept as warm as possible, which is to be renewed every six or eight hours, till the pain is entirely gone. On taking off one pultice, another ought to be in readiness, and great care taken to keep the parts warm before a fire, while cleaning from the remains of the first. If the gout is floating about the body, and making any attempts on the head and stomach, nothing will bring it so effectually to the feet, and attract the morbid matter through the pores, as this method carefully managed. I have mentioned six or eight hours for the continuation of the pultice, but it is absolutely necessary to renew it, as soon as ever it begins to grow hard, or the patient feels a sense of cold. This method ought to be persevered in for two or three days after the pain is entirely gone, and when the pultice is left off, the parts to be twice or thrice a day gently rubbed with warm flannel, and kept very warm for some time longer, leaving off the additional covering by degrees, according as every person's own prudence will naturally direct them.

POETRY.

## P O E T R Y.

## ORIGINAL.

*For the WEEKLY MUSEUM, &c.*

## POETIC PROSE.

*An humble imitation of Ossian.*

## CATHLIN AND COLMAR.

ALONE, beneath the rock of Loda, the blue eyed daughter of Foscarr straved. The wintry winds had risen; the fireans from the mountains descend in torrents; the angry waves lash the rocks of Morven; the Moon was hid by the black clouds of night; the fiery lightning gleamed in the cave of Cromla; loudly echoed the bursting thunder; the affrighted ghosts seek for shelter from the dreadful storm.

Son of Rathmor, it is Cathlin who calleth thee: come, O come, hasten O Colmar, to the arms of the impatient and terrified daughter of the chief of Morven. The spirit of the waters is enraged; the mountain billows strive to dash the dark clouds from before the orbs of night; to quench the lightning's flame; to bury the massy thunderbolt in the bed of the sea. Colmar, my love, where art thou? the tempest roars tremendous; groves of oaks are torn from their roots; rocks are hurled from rocks; the mountains bend. O son of Rathmor, for thee Cathlin alone braves the storm.—Foscarr, my father, thou art at rest, but thy daughter stands exposed to the tempest's rage: silent is the song of the maids of Selma. Alas, Cathlin, your companion, beneath the sea beat rock, is racked with love and anguish: the music of my harp shall no more be heard; silent, unstrung, shall it remain till Colmar returns.

But to the daughter of Foscarr Colmar no more returns; no more for him, in the halls of Selma, shall the feast of shells be prepared. Lathmon, the enemy of the sons of Morven pursueth the white sailed vessel and soon cometh up with it: the bark of Colmar was as the grassy hill of Lathmon, the dark bosomed ship of Lathmon was as the steep mountain of Cona.

The chiefs are met in fearful fight; the mighty deeds of Rathmor fill the soul of his son with valour. Colmar raises his spear, he strikes his shield, swords clash with swords, but the fortune of Lathmon prevaileth; the buckler of Colmar is broken, his helmet is cleft in twain; the dark green wave is purpled—tinged with the blood of the son of Rathmor; his spirit hovers over the grief-worn Cathlin; his body floats upon the briny waters of Ocean.

And now for a moment, the storm subsides; the wind is hushed; the Queen of night appears unveiled; the stars shine dimly through the dark clouds: but the white foamy surges still beat with violence upon the rocky beach of Morven: Cathlin, in despair, fixes her tearful eyes upon the sea; she beholds something floating upon its boisterous bosom, it approaches nearer; soon the fast returning tide casteth it at her feet; it is a body, the body of her love Colmar, in an instant she knows the much loved, but now disfigured features; she shrieks, she falls, she dies.

Again the thunders roll, the lightnings flash, the red meteors glare around, the storm returns with increased force: the guardian genius of Morven sends forth a piercing scream, for the loss of the boast and pride of Selma's flowery groves.

Virgins of Selma, mourn for the death of your friend: tune your harps to melancholy melody, join the bards in songs of remembrance of his beauty, truth, and love; often, by the moon's pale light, shall their ghosts wander on your grassy hills, and listen to your sounds at your midnight sacrifices to the memory of the departed, their fleeting spirits will still be near you.

To arms, sons of Morven! sharpen your spears, clash your shields, gird on your swords; let not Colmar's death be by you forgotten. Fingal will lead you to battle and to victory; the armies of Nuath shall fall before you, they shall be scattered upon the earth as the brown leaves of Autumn. Colmar and Cathlin shall be avenged! Lathmon, the king of spears, shall be conquered, by the first of men; he shall be slain.

slain. Crowned with success, triumphantly  
will Fingal return to Selma and his praise  
and glory will be recited in the songs of  
future times.

EDWIN.

## INVOCATION TO VIRTUE

*By A LADY of this City.*

**H**A I L ! lovely virtue, ever blooming  
maid !

O deign to grant me thy auspicious aid :  
In whatsoever sphere of life I move,  
Be thou my guide, inspire me with thy  
love :

Should I be lifted high, in grandeur's place,  
O be my friend and all my actions grace :  
Or should I in this humble state remain,  
O may I never murmur nor complain ;  
But kneel devoutly at fair virtue's shrine,  
And pay my homage to the maid divine.

But see ! from yon bright cloud that  
shades the sky,  
The heavenly goddess turns me on her eye:  
She comes to soothe the anguish of my breast,  
And point the way to Heaven's eternal rest.  
But hark ! she speaks ! what music charms  
my ear ?  
What heav'nly sounds my drooping spirits  
cheer.

' Deluded mortal, can I peace bestow,  
' While all your wishes center here below ?  
' What splendid scenes o'er all your thoughts  
prevail ;  
' Delusion spreads around her flatt'ring veil,  
' What golden visions hover o'er your bed ;  
' What dreams of greatness oft distract your  
head.  
' Shines not mild Virtue with a brighter  
glow  
Than all the wealth the Indies can bestow.

' The maid whose bosom is with virtue  
stor'd,  
' Content and peace attend her frugal  
board,  
' She envies not the miser's useless hoard ;  
' Her hands extended to the poor distress'd  
' And clasps th' unhappy sufferer to her  
breast ;  
' Supremely blest if from pale sorrow's  
face  
' One grateful smile the trickling tear shall  
chase ;  
' Such tranquil pleasures all her hours em-  
ploy,

' Beyond the pow'r of malice to destroy :  
' Health, innocence and peace are all her  
own,

' Nor would she change to grace a monarch's  
throne."

Thus spoke the heavenly maid, and wing'd  
her way  
To the bright regions of eternal day.

*Elegy on the death of a Young Gentle-  
man who died soon after his admis-  
sion to the Bar, in the state of Rhode  
Island.*

By A LADY, a particular friend.

**D**E A R spotless Shade ! receive these  
lays  
Which flow from friendship most sin-  
cere :  
If round this globe thy spirit strays  
Or haunts the scenes which once were  
dear.

The muse, who knew thy tuneful powers,  
Who oft admir'd thy flowing verse,  
Shall deck thy grave with early flowers  
And all thy matchless worth rehearse.

When night her ebony throne resumes ;  
When Cynthia sheds her feeblest ray ;  
When plants exhale their soft perfumes,  
Around thy dewy grave she'll stray.

Some friendly hand a tomb shall raise,  
Or science rear the sculptur'd stone,  
Which justly shall record thy praise,  
And tell how bright thy virtue shone.

The youths\* whose gen'rous bosoms swell  
With raptures at thy rising fame,  
Shall all thy manly graces tell,  
And hand to future times thy name.

For thee, on each revolving year,  
Mary will heave the tender sigh ;  
For thee she'll drop the briny tear  
And all her native numbers try.

Eliza† too, in plaintive strains,  
Shall tell thy virtues o'er and o'er ;  
While mem'ry one fond trait retains,  
In silence she'll thy loss deplore.

\* His fellow Students.

† A Young Lady to whom he was engaged.  
Around

Around yon scientific dome†  
Where oft thy careless foot-steps stray'd,  
Methinks there hangs a solemn gloom  
Which saddens all the distant glade.

Like virtue's image, sent on earth,  
Thou charm'dst awhile our wond'ring  
eyes,  
Then fought the clime which gave thee  
birth  
And wing'd thy way thro' happier skies.

But why did all indulgent Heaven  
Form such a faultless piece of clay,  
Why was the transient blessing given  
Thus to be torn so soon away?

If virtue can a crown receive,  
What dazzling glories deck thy head!  
No longer then let friendship grieve,  
Since thou, from care to bliss hast fled.

ANONYMA.

† College of Rhode Island.

## SELECTED.

### THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

By the Rev. Mr. Thomas Penrose.

**F**AINTLY bray'd the battle's roar,  
Distant, down the hollow wind;  
Panting terror fled before,  
Wounds and death were left behind.

The War-field curs'd the sunken day,  
That check'd his fierce pursuit too soon;  
While, scarcely lighting to the prey,  
Low hung, and lour'd, the bloody moon.

The field, so late the hero's pride,  
Was now with various carnage spread;  
And floated with a crimson tide,  
That drench'd the dying and the dead.

O'er the sad scene of dreariest view,  
Abandon'd all to horrors wild,  
With frantic step Maria flew;  
Maria, Sorrow's early child!

By duty led—for every vein  
Was warm'd by Hymen's purest flame;  
With Edgar, o'er the wintry main,  
She, lovely, faithful wanderer, came.

For well she thought a friend so dear  
In darkest hours might joy impart;  
Her warrior, faint with toil, might cheer,  
Or soothe her bleeding warrior's smart.

Tho' look'd for long—in chill affright,  
(The torrent bursting from her eye)  
She heard the signal for the fight,  
While her soul trembled in a sigh!

She heard, and clasp'd him to her breast,  
Yet scarce could urge th' inglorious stay;  
His manly heart the charm confess'd,  
Then broke the charm, and rush'd away.

Too soon, in few—but deadly words,  
Some flying straggler breath'd to tell,  
That, in the foremost strife of swords,  
The young, the gallant Edgar, fell!

She press'd to hear—she caught the tale;  
At every sound her blood cougeal'd:  
With terror bold, with terror pale,  
She sprung to search the fatal field.

O'er the sad scene, in dire amaze,  
She went, with courage not her own;  
On many a corse she cast her gaze,  
And turn'd her ear to many a groan.

Drear anguish urged her to press  
Full many a hand, as wild she mourn'd:  
Of comfort glad, the dearest care  
The damp, chill, dying hand, return'd!

Her ghastly hope was well-nigh fled;  
When late pale Edgar's form she found,  
Half-buried with the hostile dead,  
And bor'd with many a grisly wound!

She knew—the funk—the night-bird  
scream'd,  
The moon withdrew her troubled light,  
And left the fair, tho' fall'n she seem'd,  
To worse than death—and deepest night.

## ODE ON HEARING MUSIC.

By JOHN SCOTT, Esq.

**Y**ON organ! hark!—how soft, how  
sweet,  
The warbling notes in concert meet!  
The sound my fancy leads  
To climes where Phœbus' brightest beams  
Gild jasmine groves, and crystal streams,  
And lily mantled meads;

Where myrtle bowers their bloom unfold,  
Where citrons bend with fruit of Gold,  
Where grapes depress the vines;  
Where,

Where, on the bank with roses gay,  
Love, innocence, and pleasure play,  
And beauty's form reclines.

New different tongs and measures flow,  
And, gravely deep, and sadly slow,  
Involve the maiden gloom;  
I seem to join the mournful train,  
Attendant round the couch of pain,  
Or leaning o'er the tomb:

To where the orphan'd infant sleeps,  
To where the love-lorn damsel weeps,  
I pitying seem to stray;  
Methinks I watch his cradle near;  
Methinks her dooping thoughts I hear,  
And wipe her tears away.

Now loud the tuneful thunders roll,  
And rouse and elevate the soul  
O'er earth and all its care;  
I seem to hear from heavenly plains  
Angelic choirs responsive strains,  
And in their raptures share.

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## FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

### STATE PAPERS.

*Copy of a dispatch from count Osterman, chancellor to the empress of Russia, to M. D. Bulzow, Russian charge des affaires, at Madrid, dated Petersburg, December 25, 1795.*

SIR—THE empress has already been informed, through the public prints, of the treaty of peace concluded between Spain and the French; and the unpleasant sensations which this unexpected, disagreeable transaction had produced in her Imperial majesty's mind, were greatly increased when this intelligence was confirmed by the minister of his Catholic majesty. The empress, however, has during the new connection which so happily subsisted between her and his Catholic majesty, met with too many opportunities of learning the true sentiments of that prince, not to be

thoroughly convinced that the concurrence of the most imperious circumstances can alone have determined him to act in direct opposition to his principles. No doubt it has been to him a task infinitely hard, to enter into negotiations with those, who with their own hands murdered the chief of his illustrious family, and to conclude a peace with those disturbers of the safety and tranquility of all Europe. No one knows better than her Imperial majesty to value and appreciate all the difficulties and obstacles which his Catholic majesty must have had to surmount, before he could prevail upon himself to adopt a measure, which, to all appearance, has been brought about through the most urgent necessity and the most threatening danger.

Her Imperial majesty being at a loss to account for the motives which can have determined his Catholic majesty thus to insulate his interest from that of the Coalition, cannot but persevere in the opinion, that notwithstanding this sudden change, his Catholic majesty will continue sincerely to interest himself in the success of the operations of the Evangelic Powers, and so far from throwing any obstacle in the way of the new measures which those powers may find it necessary to pursue, rather support them by every means the system of neutrality he may perhaps think proper to adopt, does not preclude.

His Catholic majesty cannot yet have forgotten the high importance of the cause for which the coalesced powers are contending; to restore order and tranquility, to lead the nation back to a sense of their

their duty, and to shield all Europe from the most dangerous infection. These are the important motives which have induced the coalesced powers to unite their counsels, and exert their joint efforts to render them triumphant.

It is for this purpose that the three courts have just now, by means of a solemn treaty of alliance, strengthened the ties by which they were united. Their reciprocal interest is therefore so intimately connected and interwoven, and their determination so firm, that it would be impossible to obstruct the operations of one of them without forcing the others most warmly to embrace his cause. Of this description is especially the situation of her imperial majesty with respect to the king of Great-Britain; so that in case of need, her imperial majesty would be obliged to assist and support him to the utmost extent of her power.

But fortunately, such connections subsist between his Catholic majesty and the king of Great-Britain, in consequence of several treaties renewed in the year 1793, as can never cease to be dear to his Catholic majesty, and neither the conveniency nor usefulness of which, have been lessened by a change of affairs, produced by the most imperious circumstances.

This important consideration, in addition to that which proceeds from the favorable disposition of his Catholic majesty towards the common cause, cannot but render her imperial majesty perfectly easy with respect to the conduct which his Catholic majesty is likely to pursue. Her imperial

majesty is of opinion, that it will be both candid and sincere, and it would be painful for her to suppose, that in any case whatsoever, his Catholic majesty could favor measures, tending to obstruct and oppose the avowed purposes of the three allied courts.

You, sir, will adopt the most proper means, officially to communicate to the ministry of his Catholic majesty the honor of this dispatch, and to make it the subject of a conference you are to request of the prince of peace.

COUNT OSTERMAN.

*Translation of the answer of his excellency the prince of peace, to M. de Bulzow, dated Santa Cruz, March 17, 1796.*

I have received your letter of the 22d of February, with a copy of the dispatch, which you, sir, have received from your court by the last courier from London, and must return you in answer, that the king, my master, has with much pleasure learned the friendly terms in which on the part of her imperial majesty he has been acquainted with the close alliance concluded with the courts of Vienna and London, which certainly cannot have been the result of the circumstances which existed in Poland at a time when the forces of her imperial majesty might have been employed at a point where were rallied those of all monarchs who united for the preservation of their existence, and the mutual support of their rights. At that period the king, my master, gave the strongest proofs of his grief at the misfortune of a beloved cousin, and foresaw that his dominions were drawing

drawing near that universal corruption, which results from madness without bounds. He waged war against tyrants, but was unable to learn who they were, for he did not know, following the capricious dictates of their levity, who were the good Frenchmen that defended the cause of their king. He was only able to discern, that but a few victims of their sense of honor were his true adherents, who followed him to the grave. The desire of the king, my master, was however, so earnest, that notwithstanding the ill-founded hopes held out by the combined powers, he prosecuted the most vigorous and most expensive war.

There was no sovereign, but the king endeavored to prevail upon him, by the most advantageous proposals, to join his majesty; notwithstanding this request addressed to the empress at different times, since the last months of 1791, and during the year 1792, by M. de Galvez, Spanish minister in Russia, and M. de Zinowief, who resided in the same quality at Madrid, but especially in Oct. 1792, and Dec. 1793, when M. de Amat, then Spanish charge d'affairs at Petersburg, and soon after M. de Oris, minister of his Catholic majesty, had long conferences on this subject, the former with count Osterman, and the latter with count Besborodko.—Notwithstanding all this, there did not exist the least circumstance which promised an active co-operation on the part of the empress, nor does it appear that the occupation of Poland could have prevented her from co-operation in favor of the common cause.

It was under this circumstance that the king, my master, no doubt from fear and apprehension of sinister consequences for his kingdom, resolved to make peace, convinced, that if he were left without the assistance in the war, that support, which might be promised him for the attainment of peace, would prove still less efficacious. This is the true situation of Spain, and his Catholic majesty obliges himself to fulfil whatever he has promised for the benefit of the common cause, in which at the same time he must, for the future, decline participating in any measure, which has no certain and consistent object.

I have the honor, &c.

The PRINCE de la Paz.

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*Manifesto and Declaration of War,  
by the king of Spain against Great-Britain.*

[Received from the Havannah.]

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THE KING.

ONE of the principal motives which induced me to conclude the peace with the French Republic as soon as she began to take a regular and solid form of government, was the conduct which Great-Britain had observed with me during the whole time of the war, and the just suspicion with which the experience of her bad faith ought to inspire me for the future. This she manifested in the most critical moment of the first campaign, in the manner which Admiral Hood treated my fleet in Toulon, where he attended solely to destroy all that he could not carry off with him; & his having soon after occupied the island of Corsica, which expedition the said admiral kept a profound secret from Don Juan Lan-

gara

para when they were together in Toulon.

This conduct was visible in the English government, by their secrecy in all their negotiations with other powers, especially in the treaty which was signed the 19th Nov. 1794, with the United States of America, without the least respect or consideration of my rights, though she well knew them.

I have noted it likewise in her repugnance to adopt the plans and ideas which might lead to put an end to the war, and the vague answer which lord Grenville gave my ambassador, the marquis del Campo, when he asked him for succours for its continuance. I was confirmed in the same opinion by the injustice with which they appropriated the rich cargo of the re taken Spanish ship called Santiago, or Aquilles, which ought to have been restored, according to the agreement between my first secretary of state and dispatch, the prince of peace, and lord St. Helens, ambassador of his Britannic majesty; and the detention of the naval stores which were coming to my naval departments on board of Dutch ships, always deferring to send them, by new pretexts and difficulties. And finally, I had no doubt of the bad faith and proceedings of Great-Britain, by the frequent and deceitful arrivals of English vessels on the coasts of Peru and Chili, to carry on the contraband trade, and make themselves acquainted with the territories, under the pretext of whale fishers, a privilege they pretended to by the convention of Nootka.

Such were the proceedings of the English ministry to support the friendship, good correspondence, and intimate confidence, which they offered to Spain in all the operations of the war, by the convention of the 25th of May, 1793.

After I had settled the peace with the French republic, I had not only the most well founded motives to suspect the intentions of the English to attack my possessions in America, but I received direct injuries, which have confirmed me in the resolution formed by Great-Britain, to oblige me to adopt a part so contrary to the good of mankind, long destroyed by a sanguinary war which threatens to annihilate Europe, and oppose the sincere desires which I have manifested at repeated times to terminate this slaughter, by means of a peace, offering them my services to obtain it.

Certainly Great-Britain has shewn a disposition to direct its views against my dominions, by the great armaments and expeditions sent to the Antilles, destined in a great measure against Santo Domingo in order to prevent its being delivered to France, as appears by the proclamation of the English generals in that island; in the establishment of their companies of commerce, formed in North-America, on the banks of the river Missouri, with an intention to penetrate those regions unto the South Sea and, ultimately, the conquest which they have lately followed in the continent of South-America, on the river Demarara, belonging to the Dutch, which advantageous situation will facilitate to them the occupation of other important points.

But they are yet more hostile and clear, in the repeated insults offered to my flag, and the violences offered in the Mediterranean, by their frigates impressing from various Spanish vessels the recruits which were coming from Genoa to Barcelona for my army; the piracies and vexations with which the Corsican privateers and Anglo-Corsican, protected by the English government of the island, destroy the Spanish commerce in the Mediterranean.

even

even entering the bays of the coast of Catalonia : and the detention of various Spanish ships, loaded with Spanish property, carried into the ports of England under the most frivolous pretences ; especially the embargo of the rich cargo of the Spanish ship the *Minerva*, which was done with insult to the Spanish colors, and detained, although there were presented at the tribunal the most competent documents, authenticated, which proved the said cargo to be Spanish property. It has not been less insulting in the attempt made on the character of my ambassador, Don Simon de las Casas, by one of the tribunals of London, which decreed his arrest, founded on a demand made by the patroon of a vessel for a very small sum of money.

And, ultimately, they have been intolerable in the enormous violences to the Spanish territories on the coasts of Alicante and Galicia, committed by the armed brigs of the English navy, the *Camelion* and *King George* : and yet more insolent and scandalous, in what happened in the island of Trinidad, to windward, where the captain of the English frigate *Alarm*, George Vaughan, disembarked at the head of his armed crew, with colors flying and drums beating, to attack the French, to take revenge of an injury which he said he had suffered : disturbing, by such offensive proceedings against my sovereignty, the tranquility of the inhabitants of that island, with such irritated and audacious insults.

The British nation has also given fresh proofs to the world of its ambitious views, and that it knows no other law than the aggrandizement of its commerce, by an universal despotism at sea.

It has, indeed, surpassed the limits of my moderation and suffering, and obliged me, for the sup-

port of the dignity of my crown, the protection I owe to my subjects to DECLARE WAR, by my royal order of the 5th instant, communicated to my supreme council of war : and in consequence of which, I have resolved, that it be declared and published, in this court, AGAINST THE KING OF ENGLAND, his kingdoms and subjects ; and that the proper orders be circulated, and the necessary steps taken, which conduce to the defence of my dominions and beloved subjects, and offensive to the enemy : prohibiting, as I do hereby prohibit, all commerce, trade and communication between my subjects and those of the king of England, under such penalties as are by the different laws made and provided, in which are comprehended all my subjects and inhabitants in my kingdoms and dukedoms, without exception of any person or privilege ; it being my royal will, that, with the greatest dispatch possible, this declaration of war may reach and be notified to my subjects, so that they may preserve their property and persons from the insults of the English, and that they may dedicate themselves to incommode the enemy by armaments, and by all the ways which are permitted by the laws of war.

*Dated at San Lorenzo, the 7th day of October, 1796.*

I, THE KING.

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### Foreign Intelligence.

*London, October 22.*—On the 23d ult. the vanguard of a reinforcement of 18,000 Austrians had reached Treviso, within two or three days march of Mantua.

An article from Milan, of the 26th ult. states, that the Pope had given a negative to the terms proposed by the French.

We do not find the report of general Buonaparte having been taken prisoner confirmed. On the contrary, our correspondent states, that after he was routed, he set off for the Milanese, to expedite the march of reinforcements.

Yesterday dispatches were received from R. Crauford, Esq. dated Sweitzengen, October 2 and 3, by which it appears that nothing material had occurred in the army of the archduke since the former accounts.

Letters were likewise received yesterday from Mr. Drake at Venice, by which it appears that there were near 30,000 men in Mantua on the 18th ult. when he received the last accounts—There was also a considerable number of sick in the garrison, but not near so many as in the French army, in which the number of sick was daily increasing. The Austrian troops were, when the accounts left Mantua, under some alarm lest they should not be relieved, as they were at that time ignorant of reinforcements marching from the Tyrol.

It does not appear that general Wurmsler had been obliged to take shelter in Mantua, but had himself chosen to go into that garrison with his army. General Laver had the principal command under Wurmsler.

The attack at St. George was much more fatal to the French than the Austrians, the former having lost above 2,000 men in that affair. The garrison were in hopes of the army of the king of Naples assisting in obliging the French to raise the siege.

It is necessary to observe that the actions, which ended in victory to the Austrians, took place subsequent to the last accounts which Mr. Drake had received from the garrison of Mantua, and that the accounts of these victories came to this country by a more direct route

from the immediate scene of action, than from Venice, which is more remote.

The messenger who arrived yesterday brought an account of the marriage of the king of Sweden to the Russian princess Alexandra Pawlowna, on the 4th instant, at Petersburg.

He also brought an account of the death of Juliana Maria, the Dowager Queen of Denmark on the 10th instant. This will occasion a court mourning here.

The proposition for increasing the capital stock of the bank of England, has induced the directors of the East-India company to turn their thoughts to a similar measure. A special general court is summoned to be held on the 26th instant to take into consideration the propriety of applying to parliament for farther increasing the capital stock of the company.

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### Domestic Occurrences.

*Boston, Nov. 27.*—The late arrival at this port, was unusually barren of intelligence, though the latest date from the Rhine, wherein the operations of the armies are detailed, do not reach by three days so high as those which detailed officially, the victories of Moreau and Buonaparte: there are nevertheless, in the midst of a thousand groundless and inconsistent rumors, a few articles of intelligence, which it is the duty of the editor to select and arrange for the information of his readers.

The reports are, that Buonaparte's army is reduced to 30,000 men—that he is dead—that Wurmsler, in a fall, killed 6,000 French—that on the 29th; the army of the Sambre and Meuse was defeated at Neuwied. 'Tis necessary only to say on these

ficial intelligence which is later, reversed by facts all these reports.—The articles of importance are that the king of Prussia has entered into a treaty offensive and defensive, with the prince of Hesse-Cassel and elector of Saxony, to repel any attacks of the emperor of Germany. That Portugal has sent an envoy to Paris, to negotiate a peace, the preliminary to which, will be the exclusion of English ships from her ports. That no account had arrived in England of the sailing of a Spanish fleet.

*December 24.*—Yesterday arrived the snow Pacific Trader, captain Barnes, from Liverpool, via Vineyard, 51 days.

By this arrival we have received London papers to Oct. 26. But they contain no intelligence of moment. The accounts of military operations are no later than those sometime since received from Paris. They are however of a very different cast, so different, that it is impossible to reconcile them. The French of the Lower Rhine, under gen. Bournonville, remained between the Sieg and Lahn while that under gen. Moreau continued in the vicinity of Buchau, in Suabia, though some accounts state, that his vanguard had arrived at Strasbourg. The archduke Charles was advancing by the Rhine towards Suabia, and the Austrian divisions in that circle formed a line of posts from the lake of Constance, to the vicinity of Fort du Kehl. The capture of Buonaparte is frequently mentioned in these papers, but without the least authority. The prospect of peace does not appear to brighten. Lord Malmesbury had arrived at Paris, but there were no accounts of his reception. The British parliament appear to contemplate another campaign by the votes of credit they pass, the pro-

visions they have made for the support of men, and the grant of 860,000*l.* for the recruiting service of 1797. The number of Austrians in Mantua, is said to be 30,000 but many of them sick, and gen. Buonaparte was drawing thither all the reinforcements he could muster in Piedmont. The naval equipments in England were not in the least relaxed. The fleet chased by the Spaniards into Gibraltar, it appears was admiral Mann's who lost some transports.

Several vague reports on the prospects of general peace, in Europe, are in circulation, said to have been received from Europe, via Halifax.

*New-York, December 21.*—Capt. Leonard, arrived yesterday in 16 days from Martinique, informs, that on leaving there, information was received from Barbadoes, of the capture of a Spanish ship of 28 guns, by a British frigate—after exchange of several broad sides.

Some transports, with invalids from St. Vincents, and several American vessels, were to sail from Martinique in a few days, under the convoy of two frigates, who were to leave them in lat. 22. 0.

#### FRENCH FLEET.

*From Halifax, Nov. 24.*

Yesterday arrived here, schooner William, captain Hargrave, in 5 days from Breton Harbour, Fortune Bay, (Newfoundland.) The last accounts from the French fleet were, that they sailed from St. Pierre's on the night of the 10th of October. They had been three days at that place, and were employed night and day in watering the fleet. Before their departure they burnt all the buildings which remained of the settlement. They were seen by some fishing boats the night they sailed, steering S. E. Afterwards, by a boat from Placentia bay, they were

were informed that they were seen off the banks of Newfoundland, far to the north east.

The people who have been on board of them, agree in their testimony that these ships are very badly fitted—several of them very leaky, particularly the admiral's ship, which they were continually pumping—badly manned, and the principles of liberty and equality so prevalent in the fleet, as nearly to destroy all order and subordination among them.

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*Philadelphia, December 15.* On the 13th inst. Elijah Paine and Isaac Tichenor, esquires, senators in congress for the state of Vermont, pursuant to a resolution of the council and general assembly of Vermont, presented to the President of the United States the following address, passed by the unanimous voice of both branches of the legislature of Vermont, October 25th, 1796.

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*An address from the legislature of the state of Vermont, to the President of the United States.*

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SIR—From the unrecognized situation of this state, the legislature had not an opportunity, in common with her sister states, to anticipate by an address, the blessings that were expected from your administration. Permit us now, with sincere satisfaction, to assure you, that the event has justified the most sanguine hopes of the legislature of Vermont, and their constituents.

When we contrast the gloomy aspect both of our domestic and foreign affairs, a few years since,

with the flattering prospect now before us, we at once appreciate the advantages which immediately result from our general government, and the justice, magnanimity, and moderation, which has marked your administration. Convinced of our true interest, you have successfully opposed faction, and maintained that neutrality so necessary to our national honor and peace. Accept, sir, the only acknowledgement in our power to make, or in your's to receive, the gratitude of a free people. Ardently as we wish your continuance in public office, yet when we reflect on the years of anxiety you have spent in your country's service, we must reluctantly acquiesce in your wishes, and consent that you should pass the evening of your days in reviewing a well spent life, and looking forward to scenes beyond the grave, where our prayers shall ascend for a complete reward for all your services in a happy immortality.

We receive your address to your fellow citizens, as expressive of the highest zeal for their posterity, and containing the best advice to ensure its continuance. We cannot, sir, close this address (probably the last communication we may have occasion to make to you) without assuring you of our affection and respect—May the shade of private life, be as grateful to you, as the splendor of your public life has been useful to your country! We shall recollect you with filial affection—your advice as an inestimable legacy; and we shall pride ourselves, in teaching our children the importance of that advice, and an humble imitation of your example.

*To which the President returned the following answer.*

To Elijah Paine and Isaac Tichenor, esqrs. senators in congress for the state of Vermont.

Gentlemen,

WITH particular pleasure I receive the unanimous address of the council and general assembly of the state of Vermont. Altho' but lately admitted into the union yet the importance of your state, its love of liberty and its energy, were manifested in the earliest period of the revolution which established our independence. Unconnected in name only, but in reality united with the confederated states, these felt and acknowledged the benefits of your co-operation. Their mutual safety and advantage, daily appreciated, will never permit the union to be dissolved.

I enjoy great happiness in the testimony you have presented, and in the other proofs exhibited from various parts of our country, that the operations of the general government have justified the hopes of our citizens at its formation, which is recognized as the æra of national prosperity. The voluntary acknowledgements of my fellow citizens persuade me to believe that my agency has contributed to produce this effect. This belief will be to me a source of permanent satisfaction, and those acknowledgements a rich reward.

My sincere thanks are due, and I beg you gentlemen, to make them acceptable to the council and general assembly of the state of Vermont, for the very obliging and affectionate terms in which they notice me and my public ser-

vices. To such confidence and support, as I have experienced from councils, legislative assemblies, and the great body of American citizens, I owed the best exertions of every faculty I possessed: happy now in the reflection, that our joint labours have been crowned with success. When withdrawn to the shade of private life, I shall view with growing pleasure, the increasing prosperity of the United States, in the perfect protection of their government. I trust to enjoy my retirement, in tranquility; and then, while indulging a favorite wish of my heart in agricultural pursuits, I may hope to make even my private business and amusement of some use to my country.

G. WASHINGTON

*United States, Dec, 12.*

*Philadelphia, December 21.*—In consequence of three or four attempts on different nights, to set fire to different parts of this city, by some infernal incendiary or incendiaries, meetings of the citizens are called at the Merchants' Coffee-house, and at the commissioners' Hall, in Southwark, to devise some effectual measures of security from such atrocious attempts.

#### SENATE OF PENNSYLVANIA

*December 21.*—On motion of Mr. Barton, seconded by Mr. D. Whelen; the following resolutions were adopted and sent to the assembly for concurrence:

Whereas the wise, firm and patriotic administration of George Washington, President of the United States, has signally conduced to the prosperity and happiness which the people of America enjoy, and the best reward we can bestow on him

him is, the expression of our gratitude and approbation. Therefore,

Resolved unanimously,

That a committee be appointed to prepare and report to this house, an address to the President of the United States, expressive of our sentiments with regard to his past conduct, and of the sensations of regret with which we contemplate his intended retirement from office.

Whereas the late address of the President to the people of the United States, is in the opinion of this legislature, an *inestimable legacy*, replete with sentiments highly important to the interests of our country, and deserving the most serious attention of freemen—Therefore,

Resolved, That the said address be printed and published with the laws of the present session.

## CHARLESTON,

JANUARY 14, 1797.

### ARRIVALS.

January 6.—Brig Success, Gardner, Wilmington: master: shingles.

Jan. 7.—Brig Harriet, Lester, New-London: master: rum and produce.

Schooner Good Intent, Hathaway, St. Bartholomew's, in distress, bound to Philadelphia: 9 pipes of wine, and 3 hogheads of sugar.

Brig Fair Hebe, Eldridge, Amsterdam, in distress, bound to Philadelphia: 28 pipes gin and dry goods.

Brig Harmony, Tucker, St. Croix: master: 67 pipes rum.

Jan. 8.—Sloop Fanny, Perry, Barbeth, in distress, bound to Newport: 795 bags, 3 hogheads and 4 barrels coffee, 6 casks oil, and dry goods.

Brig Essex, Fulford, Havannah: T. Cochran, 259 boxes sugar and 5 hogheads molasses.

Snow Rebecca, Corry, Havannah: Wm. Somersal and Son, 199 boxes sugar, 1 hoghead molasses.

Brig West-Point, Bogley, Nassau: master: 25 boxes sugar and fruit.

Schooner Fatigue, Rogers, Providence: E. Dickens, 59 casks gin and produce,

Brig David and George, Bayley, Nassau: T. Tunno, 33 boxes sugar, 100 bags do. and lignumvitæ

Jan. 9.—Brig Peregrine, Foster, Boston: master: produce.

Schooner Industry, Bourne, St. Croix: Pepoon, Otis & Co. ballast.

Jan. 11.—Schooner Success, Crosby, Wilmington: master: lumber.

Schooner Industry, M'Caine, Jeremie, in distress, 57 hogheads and 114 barrels coffee.

Brig Elizabeth, Ewing, Boston: master: wine, rum, and goods.

Ship Satera, Seaward, Portsmouth: T. Morris, lumber and hay.

Brig Fanny, Newall, Havannah: master: 25 puncheons rum, 20 hogheads, 2 tierces, and 1 barrel sugar, 3 tierces and 2 barrels coffee.

Ship Julius Pringle, Miller, Leith: J. Lee, dry goods, coals and salt.

Brig Catawba, Booth, St. Thomas's, in distress: 18 puncheons rum, 2 pipes gin, and 700 barrels salt.

Jan. 12.—Schooner William, Young, St. Thomas's: ballast.

Sloop Maryland, Briggs, Nassau: master: turtle and lignumvitæ

Schooner Eagle, Pearce, Arqueen, in distress, 97 bales cotton.

Brig Mary, Calendar, Cape Francois, in distress: ballast.

Jan. 13th.—Sloop General Green, Borden, Cape Francois: Lang, 526 bags

bags 2 barrels coffee, 29 barrels sugar, and 343 hides.

Brig Aurora, Brown, Ham-  
burgh: Teasdale & Kiddell. 60 pipes  
gin, dry goods, bricks and tile.

Sloop Revenge, Sawyer, New-  
London: master: produce.

—Mary, Briggs, New-York:  
master: merchandize,

—Washington, Prior, Boston:  
Winthrop, rum, brandy, iron,  
goods and lumber.

—Three Brothers, Mauran,  
Rhode Island: Rogers and Barker,  
produce.

Brig Nabby, Gairdner, Barba-  
does: Sandford, 33 puncheons rum  
and 20 hogheads sugar.

—Aurora, Wooldridge, Mar-  
blehead: Crocker Hitchburn &  
Wright: wines, goods and lum-  
ber.

—Thomas Pinckney, Burham,  
New London: master: rum, bran-  
dy and produce.

—Anthony, Miller, St. Tho-  
mas's: master: ballast.

### MARRIAGES.

MARRIED.]—On Tuesday  
evening, the 10th, instant, Mr. R.  
J. Turnbull, attorney at law, to  
Miss *Glandia Gervais*, daughter of  
col. John Lewis Gervais.

On the same evening, at the house  
of James Bentham, esq. East-Bay,  
by the Rev. Mr. Jenkins, Mr.  
*James Reid*, to Miss *Eleanor Gale  
Philips*, daughter of col. James  
Philips, of the island of Jamaica,  
deceased.

### DEATHS.

DIED.]—On the 31st of De-  
cember last, very suddenly, at the  
plantation of Mr. Alexander R.  
Chisolm, near Beaufort, where he  
was buried, Mr. PIERCE, aged 53  
years.

On Sunday evening last, in the  
47th year of his age, Mr. *Barnard  
Richardson*, house carpenter, much  
lamented by a numerous acquaint-  
tance.

On the same evening, Mrs. *Su-  
fanna Bee*, the worthy and much  
lamented consort of Joseph Bee,  
Esq. in the thirty-ninth year of her  
age:

On the 17th ult. at New-Port, (R. I.)  
Mrs. *Hannah Bours*, consort of John  
Bours, Esq.—This lady and her husband  
have long been noticed for the polite at-  
tention the citizens of South-Carolina, who  
have visited Rhode-Island, received from  
them; those who knew her cheerful and  
friendly disposition can tell what an irrepa-  
rable loss her acquaintance have experienced  
in her sudden death.

The following letter, was received at  
the Post-Office, directed as follows:

To

all the Margins  
in

Charlton Chouch  
kirlina—

Baltimore, November 19th, 1796.

all parsons hum has aney Demand  
a kins the Said one Davis, Wich  
Com from garlston a listel Jue a  
Boud 5 feed 2 inches Wich I heire  
that he oud a fourm of money to  
fourm of the margins thar if the will  
sand me a Pour of ther a Count I  
will Couklick ther date Which I have  
hert that he ous a gr e fourm thar  
and it is in my Poure to Clake  
the money far thum all Pleas to sand  
me a ancor by the first Post he is Just  
arrivet her and I hert that he ous a  
grad fourm thar I am yours

Joseph Jacobs,

in gay freed No. 10—

N B Pleas to Publish it a medley  
ther that all his Crdters hers of it  
to sand all ther a Counts in—

his first name is Banned Davis

☞ A PATRIOT, No. II. came  
too late for insertion in this number of  
the Museum.